

U. S. MISSION TO MEET GERMANS

Gen. Foch Sends American Officers to Teuton Headquarters at Spa.

YANK FLYERS IN COLOGNE

American Airman Land in the German City on the Rhine—German Army Evacuating Poland—Naval Terms of Armistice Being Carried Out.

London, Nov. 18.—An American mission commanded by Major General Rhodes left Saturday for Spa, German headquarters, Marshal Foch announces in a wireless message to the German high command. The mission consists of six officers and 10 soldiers. The German command was asked to give instructions to allow the mission to pass.

The wireless message reads: "From the allied high command to the German high command at Spa: American mission, consisting of six officers and 10 soldiers in nine motorcars, with General Rhodes as chief of mission, will leave for Spa on the morning of the 16th by the way of La Capelle, Beaumont, Philippeville, Liege and Spa. Please give instructions to allow the mission to pass."

American airmen landed at Cologne on the Rhine, Thursday, according to a Cologne dispatch to the Copenhagen Politiken and transmitted by the Exchange Telegraph company.

The German army has begun a general evacuation of Poland, according to an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Copenhagen, quoting reports from Berlin. German troops in Warsaw have been disarmed and arrested, as have all German civilians in the Polish capital.

The Berlin soldiers' and workers' council has decided to dissolve the Red guards, according to an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Copenhagen. Paris, Nov. 18.—The naval terms of the German and Austrian armistices are being carried out rapidly. Admiral High Rodman will be the American representative at a meeting Saturday with German navy delegates at a British port.

The French cruiser Admiral Aubert left Brest for the Fifth of Fort, Scotland, where it will be based at the disposal of Admiral Grasset, the French delegate to the interallied commission entrusted with the carrying out of the naval conditions of the armistice. Two French torpedo boats accompanied the cruiser.

Field Marshal Hindenburg and the German general headquarters staff, according to the Frankfurt Gazette, have arrived at Wilhelmshafen, near Cuxhaven, where in 1870 Emperor Napoleon was kept prisoner after the surrender of Sedan.

The following message has been forwarded to Secretary of State Lansing:

"I believe I am not appealing in vain to the humanitarian feelings of the president if I ask you to submit to him the request that in order to save the German people from perishing from starvation and anarchy, he will as quickly as possible send to The Hague or some other place plenipotentiaries."

TROOPS CURB REIGN OF REDS

Reports Reaching Copenhagen From Germany Are of a More Hopeful Tone.

Copenhagen, Nov. 18.—All reports reaching here from Germany are of a more hopeful tone. A good impression has been made by the socialist government's pronouncement concerning the constituent assembly. The Vorwarts declares that the pronouncement "makes the constituent assembly a certainty."

The Berlin correspondent of the Hamburg Flottenblatt is encouraged by the results of the last few days. He reports that a large part of the members of the soldiers' councils have removed the red bands from their sleeves.

211,358 CANADIAN CASUALTIES

34,877 Killed in Action Since Beginning of War—\$2,779,000 Wounded.

Ottawa, Nov. 14.—Canada's casualties in the war up to eleven days before the capture of Mons on the final morning of the conflict totaled 211,358. It was announced here. These are classified as follows:

Killed in action, 34,877; died of wounds or disease, 15,407; wounded, 102,779; presumed dead, missing in action and known prisoners of war, 8,245.

Riot Occurs in Copenhagen. Copenhagen, Nov. 16.—A demonstration by the syndicalists here investigating the imprisonment of some of their partisans resulted in rioting. Some street cars were wrecked and at places the tracks were torn up.

Situation Nears Anarchy. Washington, Nov. 16.—Reports have reached the state department that the situation in Germany and Austria-Hungary approaches a state of anarchy on account of the conduct of returning soldiers.

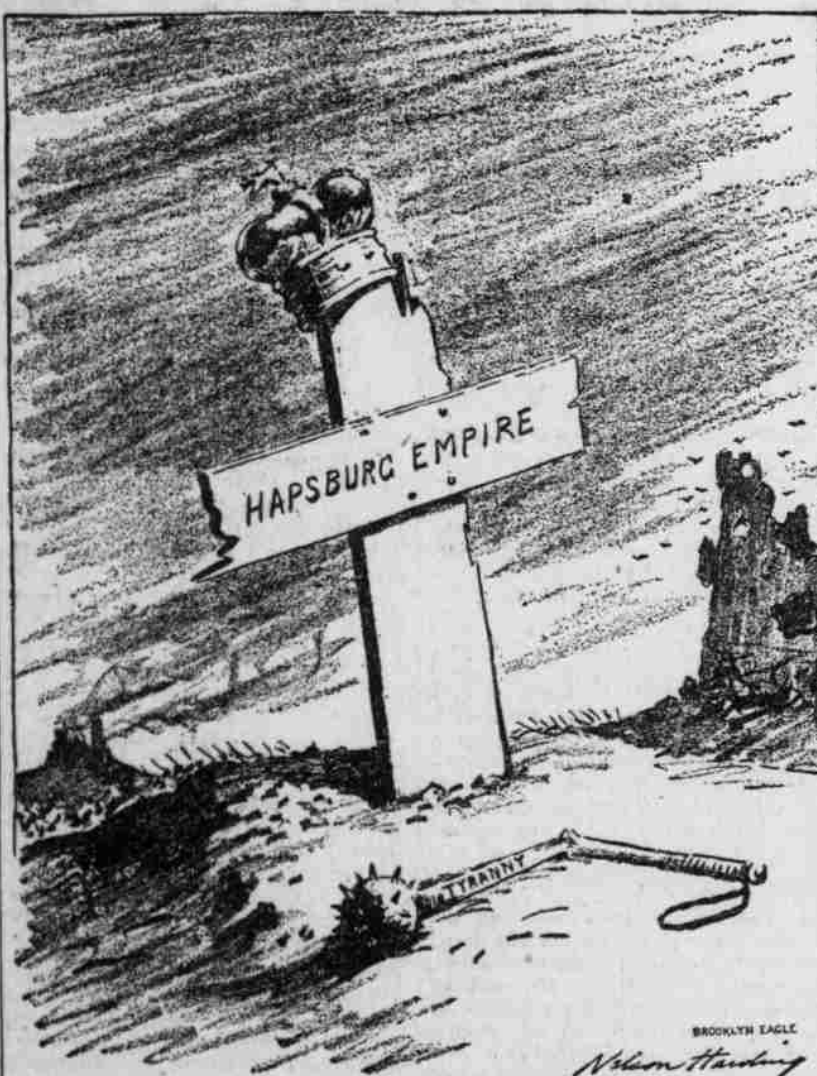
Battlefront Statements End. Paris, Nov. 15.—It was stated at the war office that no further official statements detailing events on the battlefront will be issued. From time to time, however, there may be official reports regarding troop movements.

Find Negro Not Elected. St. Louis, Nov. 15.—Official count of the Missouri vote shows William M. Riley, a negro, was not elected to the state legislature from the Fourth district, as recently announced. Unofficial figures showed his election.

Cottonseed Burns in \$500,000 Fire. Pine Bluff, Ark., Nov. 14.—Fire of unknown origin destroyed warehouse No. 1 of the Pine Bluff Cotton Oil Company, with a loss estimated at more than \$500,000. Between 7,500 and 10,000 tons of cottonseed were destroyed.

U. S. Army 3,764,877 Men. Washington, Nov. 14.—The American army had reached a total strength of 3,764,877 men when hostilities ceased Monday, according to official figures at the war department. Of that number 1,700,000 are in Europe.

"UNWEPT, UNHONORED AND UNSUNG"



RUSH TROOPS BACK TELLS OF TAX NEEDS

SECRETARY BAKER TO EXPEDITE RETURN OF BOYS.

Cables Congratulations to General Pershing, Officers and Men for Great Task Performed.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Congratulations and expressions of the nation's proud esteem were cabled to General Pershing for the American army in France by Secretary Baker, with a promise that, now a respite has come, the war department will do all in its power to expedite the early return of the expeditionary force so that the country may welcome its soldiers home.

The signing of the armistice and the cessation of hostilities bring to an end a great and heroic military adventure in which our army, under your command, has played a part distinguished by gallantry and success. It gives me pleasure to express to you the confidence and appreciation of the war department and to those who have labored with you to make this result possible. The entire country is filled with pride in your fine leadership and in the soldierly qualities shown by your army.

"Now that a respite has come, the war department will do all in its power to expedite the early return of the expeditionary force to the United States, in order that the country may welcome its soldiers home and in order that these soldiers may be restored to the opportunity of civil life as speedily as the military situation will permit."

New York, Nov. 18.—Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the United States shipping board, announced here on the eve of his departure for Europe, that the government intends to return to this country speedily a large part of the American expeditionary force. Mr. Hurley's trip to Europe is to arrange the details for their transportation.

GERMANY THANKS PRESIDENT

Tells Lansing Government is Grateful—U. S. Is Ready to Send Food.

Berlin, Nov. 18.—The following message has been forwarded to Secretary Lansing: "The German government and the German people have gratefully taken cognizance of the fact that the president of the United States is ready to consider favorably the sending of food to Germany. The United States is asked to send plenipotentiaries to The Hague or some other city."

\$100,000,000 MORE TO ITALY

That Country's Aggregate Loans From the United States Now Total \$1,160,000,000.

Washington, Nov. 16.—A credit of \$100,000,000 for Italy was announced by the treasury department. This will be used largely to pay for foodstuffs and war supplies already ordered by the Italian government in this country and with the exception of one export, Italy's aggregate loans from the United States now amount to \$1,160,000,000, and those of all allies \$7,912,076,666.

WILSON POINTS WILL STAND

Bonar Law Tells House of Commons Only One of Fourteen in Doubt.

London, Nov. 15.—In the house of commons Andrew Bonar Law, chancellor of the exchequer, said it was believed that the execution of one clause, where President Wilson was not absolutely distinct, everything which the allies ever asked for could be claimed under the 14 points enumerated by the president.

GUILTY WILL BE TRIED.

Paris, Nov. 18.—As a result of investigations made in Lille and the region of the department of the north, precise charges have been made out against German officers guilty of having ordered shocking crimes.

New Christmas Mail Limit.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Extension to November 30 of the time during which Christmas parcels will be accepted for mailing to members of the American expeditionary forces in France was announced by the post office.

To Try Tirpitz.

Amsterdam, Nov. 15.—The Independent German socialist in the German government have decided to establish a tribunal to try Admiral Tirpitz, General Klem, Doctor Knapp, and others responsible for the war.

Austrian Troops Pillage.

Trieste, Nov. 15.—A state of semi-anarchy prevails in all the regions of Austria traversed by the Austro-Hungarian soldiers returning from the Italian front. The soldiers have abandoned the ranks.

Ally Boats in Dardanelles.

Paris, Nov. 14.—The French torpedo boat Mangini and the British torpedo boat Shark entered the Dardanelles on Saturday. Franco-British naval forces occupied Alexandretta, an Asiatic Turkey port.

Held Up Bank, Get \$2,673.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 14.—Four masked men held up the cashier and two patrons of the Merriam State bank on Monday, according to official figures at the war department. Of that number 1,700,000 are in Europe.

YANKEE TROOPS ENTER GERMANY

American Troops in Triumph March Into Alsace on Way to Metz and Strassburg.

RETREAT BY HINDENBURG

Marshal Foch, Commander in Chief of Allied Armies, Will Make Triumphant Entry Into Cities on Sunday.

Paris, Nov. 16.—American troops have crossed the German frontier toward Metz and Strassburg.

Marshal Foch, commander in chief of the allied armies, will make a triumphal entry into Strassburg and Metz on Sunday in the presence of President Poincaré and Premier Clemenceau.

The French cabinet held an extraordinary meeting Thursday, the Matin announced. Important military and administrative questions concerning Alsace and Lorraine were discussed.

The government intends to appoint two governors with headquarters at Metz and Strassburg as soon as the allies occupy the two provinces.

The cabinet considered questions concerning the organization of Alsace-Lorraine under French occupancy. Three high commissioners were appointed. They are: George Maringer, commissioner general of national security for Strassburg; Albert Tirman, state counselor for Metz, and Henry Poincaré, state counselor for Calmar.

Geneva, Nov. 16.—The greatest enthusiasm prevails in Alsace-Lorraine. Thousands of Germans are leaving those provinces. The German authorities are being hooted by the crowds. French and American troops are expected daily.

Receptions on a huge scale are being prepared for the allied troops under the noses of the German officials. There also is joy in the Rhine towns because of cessation of allied air raids.

London, Nov. 16.—Field Marshal von Hindenburg remains at the head of the supreme German army command, according to a German wireless message received here, which gives the text of a message he has sent to army commanders ordering them to lead their troops home in order to take part in the celebration of the armistice.

London, Nov. 16.—A wireless message has been sent to the German high command warning that pillaging in violation of the armistice must be stopped. It reads:

"From Marshal Foch to the German High Command.—Information has been received by the allied high command that at different points, especially in the Brussels region, the German troops are committing acts of violence against the inhabitants and acts of destruction and pillage which are clearly contrary to the conditions of the armistice."

"The allied command expects that the German high command will, without delay, take measures necessary to stop these violations of the convention which has been signed. If the acts do not cease within a very short period the allied command will be obliged to take steps to put an end to them."

Amsterdam, Nov. 16.—German troops are in full revolt at Antwerp and Brussels. A hundred officers have been established at both places. Ninety persons have been killed or injured in street fighting at Brussels, the Belgian capital, according to an announcement made here.

Paris, Nov. 16.—More than 2,332 American prisoners in German camps were released immediately by the signing of the German armistice, according to the latest figures prepared by the American Red Cross in Switzerland.

This number includes all the Americans captured to November 1. It is estimated that only a few hundred more Americans were captured after that date.

Of the total number of prisoners released, 2,380 are army men, 12 are from the navy and 140 are civilians. In the camps were 241 army officers.

REPUBLIC OF GERMANIC AUSTRIA.

Vienna, Nov. 14.—The state council (the recently formed Austrian government) proclaimed a "republic of Germanic Austria" to be part of the German republic.

Dutch to Redeem Prisoners.

Paris, Nov. 15.—Holland has consented to carry on the work of repatriating allied prisoners of war now held in Germany.

K. of C. Secretary Dies.

Paris, Nov. 18.—William O'Connor, secretary of the Knights of Columbus is dead here, aged fifty-four.

Heavy Guard for Kaiser.

London, Nov. 18.—The Dutch government has interned the former German kaiser at Amerongen castle, which is under a triple guard of troops, said a dispatch from The Hague to the Daily Mail.

Telegraph Censorship Lifted.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Discontinuance of press censorship in connection with cable, postal and land telegraph lines, effective at once, was announced by the government censorship board.

Ban on Auto Shows Lifted.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The war industries board lifted the ban on trade exhibits. Automobile, furniture, electrical and similar shows have been postponed or canceled since the United States went to war.

Five Laborers Killed by Train.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Nov. 16.—Five track laborers were killed at Arcadia, Okla., 20 miles north of Oklahoma City, when a Missouri, Kansas & Texas passenger train crashed into a small gasoline train car.

National Council in Alsace.

Strasbourg, Alsace-Lorraine, Nov. 15.—Members of the second chamber of Alsace-Lorraine have constituted themselves into a national council. A provisional executive committee has been appointed.

Wilson to Peace Conference.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Unless unforeseen events compel a change, President Wilson will attend the opening session of the peace conference, whether it is held in Europe or on this continent.

Don't Answer Draft Call.

Washington, Nov. 14.—Draft boards were ordered to stop classifying men under nineteen or over thirty-six years, and to withhold questionnaires for such registrants not already sent out.

"Black Coffee For Two"

A Thanksgiving Tale by Mary Graham Bonner

HOSE letters can wait until Friday, Miss Johnson. Tomorrow we're closed, you know."

"Very well, sir," said Miss Johnson.

"You don't seem to be especially pleased," continued Mr. Brown.

"Most of the girls welcome a holiday. They can make love all right, but when it comes to furnishing the home—they have a hard time doing it on the installment plan. The salaries of young men ain't so big these days."

Mr. Brown was manager of the Jones & Cushing Wholesale Glass and Crockery company. He was a large gentleman with watery blue eyes, fat lips and pudgy hands. Of course he had other features, such as a necessary nose and chin and ears, but his eyes and nose and hands had been the points which had stood out when Miss Johnson thought of him.

"I suppose you'll be missing the old folks, eh?" continued that gentleman. Miss Johnson was an excellent typist, a good stenographer and an accurate bookkeeper. I've been away from home for a year and a half, but I don't miss home. She did her work well, but her conversational qualities were rather below par.

However, she was young and new to New York. It would take time for her to develop. Yes, that was all she needed—time. And it was all he needed, too, he thought confidently.

"I guess I will miss them," said Miss Johnson, with letters and notebook in hand. "It will be the first Thanksgiving I've been away from home. I took my course at business college last winter and went home for the summer."

"To be sure," said Mr. Brown. "It's only two months since you came here, but you've won your way into our hearts." He added with a leer. Miss Johnson drew herself up slightly.

"That is we couldn't help but like you, your work is without fault," he added hastily.

"And I know how you feel," he went on. "Just looking at the old folks and the kids. How'd you like some real turkey, eh? Well, we'll have it. You're only a child to me. I'm old enough to be your father."

And with a look such as no father has ever given before or since, Mr. Brown moved his chair a little nearer.

"How about a Thanksgiving dinner with me tomorrow night? My wife has gone to see her old mother, who is down sick. So let's keep each other company, eh? And have real turkey. What do you say?"

Miss Johnson had promised her mother to steer clear of employers. Her mother had read so many newspapers, and had seen movies where real after real had been devoted to the lures of employers for their pretty stenographers. But this was Thanksgiving day and entirely different. She hesitated.

"We'll go to one of the swell places where there'll be cranberry sauce, too. And we'll hear music when we eat, that is if we get those noiseless spoons. I've thought he was a humorous man."

"Good! I'll call for you at six sharp and you have a good sleep and write home to the folks that you're going to have a nice old fatherly man from the office. Mr. Brown really flattered himself that he was really old now safe."

Miss Johnson had closed the door and gone to put her book and letters back in her desk. Mr. Courtney, one of the salesmen and Mr. Brown's right-hand man, had noticed a slight flush on her face as she had passed him. He wondered if it could be possible that Mr. Brown had invited her to spend the holiday with him.

At last ten o'clock came and Mrs. Palmer walked in. "Oh," said Miss Johnson, "I came home early tonight to know if I could help you with the dinner tomorrow. I'm going out myself. But mother has always said I was handy with the dressing."

"Dressing? Dinner?" repeated Mrs. Palmer. "Oh, I don't do it. I don't go to no fuss for Thanksgiving! What's the use? I just say to Bert Palmer and the kids, 'Now you should be standing over a hot stove for hours in no time you'd have all the stuff at us?' So I let's 'em sleep and then I run down to the delicatessen and get a few cold cuts and a bit of potato salad for a little extra. Say, why don't you go to the pictures more? I've been tonight to see 'The Wayward Girl's Return Home.' It was sad but oh, so beautiful."

But Miss Johnson was not thinking of the pictures. A few cold cuts and potato salad for Thanksgiving, she was thinking, and a football game and the theaters and movies. No family gathering, no turkey, no pumpkin pie and cold cuts. No children to be allowed on that day to eat all they wanted. Maybe it was a day of national grieving, but it was a family day anyway and it was Thanksgiving day. The very name sent waves of homesickness creeping over her. It was a holiday, a great national holiday no matter what anyone said, and she was here and there were there! And the city didn't care a bit. Only Mr. Brown. Per-

haps—And she wasn't so sure she cared for the holiday.

She tried to sleep. She didn't want to think of the morning. But she did, and at the same time came the vision of Mr. Brown, his watery eyes leering at her, and his pudgy hands holding hers so she couldn't escape, and his lips—those fat lips—forcing—Oh no! She shivered and pulled the clothes around her tighter. Why had she said she would go? Perhaps he meant to be kind. But he had always been a little too kind, a little too considerate, it seemed now.

Sometimes she had noticed a strange look on the part of Mr. Courtney, especially that afternoon. She felt Ned Courtney thought Mr. Brown dictated less and talked more than was necessary. And it bothered her. But she was not sure, and she didn't want to lose her job. It had been so hard—beginning with everything so new and different. Of all the men she had met in New York she cared most for Ned Courtney and his opinion. He had seemed sincere and every one in the office spoke so highly of him, and then she wondered why she wished she knew.

So she thought on. Morning came. Her eyes were heavy. Sleep had come only in snatches. She dressed hastily and then laughed at herself for hurrying. She wrote home and tried to make her letter cheerful.

"Lydia! Lydia Johnson!" came Mrs. Palmer's voice from downstairs. "A gentleman to speak to you on the phone."

Miss Johnson went down the stairs without hurrying. She had never acquired the habit of running to the telephone as if it were on fire and must be put out by lifting the receiver.

"Hello," she said.

"Oh, good-morning, Miss Johnson," came the voice from the other end. "I hope I didn't get you up out of bed. No? You're not a late sleeper even on a holiday? Well, I always knew you were smart. Just thought I'd call you up to tell you we'll have that turkey tonight at six you know. I'll be around plenty of time. Look your sweetest."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Brown. Yes, I'll be ready a little before six."

At either end the receiver was hung up and each went off discontented.

"Wonder if I'm wearing things and money on her," meditated Mr. Brown. "It's all right to favor that country idea she has of a holiday but I like a little appreciation in return."

But I guess I've got her where I want her. I wonder if I'd better not use out by rushing things. She's a bit different from the usual run of 'em."

Lydia returned to her room, passing by the inquisitive eyes of Mrs. Palmer without answer.

Later she breakfasted, or rather lunched, with the Palmer family. She played the piano a little, and then, before returning to her room, decided she would satisfy Mrs. Palmer's curiosity.

"I'm going to dinner with Mr. Brown of the firm," she said. "He's a father of children—not young and worthless." She laughed a little.

"That's good," said Mrs. Palmer. "But what's he doing taking you out today? Where's his kids?"

"Away to see a sick grandmother," said Lydia, and as she felt it she felt that Mr. Palmer nodded her head a little too understandingly. Lydia flushed slightly.

"Now, listen, dearie," said Mrs. Palmer, "to a word of motherly advice. Get all that's coming to you. They think more of you when you make 'em spend—and if he's old enough to be a father—and take you out—he's likely got enough of the where-withal. Say you like white furs. Tell him in a real baby tone you did wish you could have a silver mesh bag. While I promised your mother I'd look after you, the city's ways aren't the country's ways—leastwise, not so I'd know it. And I want to see you get on." She was thinking secretly of a new rug she might like herself. "Just work the old boy for all he's worth, but take my advice, and never fall in love. They're done with you then, and you lose interest in others."

Lydia had sat patently listening and partly dreaming of the Thanksgiving at home—the long table, her father's jokes, the children's cheerful chatter. Her mother hot and tired but beaming. She arose. "I'll be careful," she said as she bit her lip. "I won't fall in love. Don't worry, Mrs. Palmer. I'm not so young as you might think."

She went to her room and closed her door with a bang. Then softly opened it. An hour went by and then another. Still another passed and Lydia was growing impatient. Her hat and gloves and coat were ready. She sat there, nervous and restless, and last she heard Mrs. Palmer's shrill voice:

"Lydia, Lydia."

Lydia closed the door softly and then opened it noisily. "Yes," she called back.

"I'm just going over to see the pictures for an hour. I'll be back in time to fuss you up a bit for tonight. Don't worry. I'll only be gone an hour."

"All right, thank you, Mrs. Palmer," she called.

She waited five minutes, then ten and still no word from her things. Quietly she stole down the stairs. She opened the door, looked up and down the street and then hurriedly walked along.

"I guess," she said slowly to herself. "I'll go downtown. And she went up the stairs to her room. Quietly she unlocked her door and went to her dressing room. Usually Rast's table d'hôte was crowded. There people were always

There was a general discussion as to the ways the holiday would be spent and at the downstairs door Miss Johnson separated from her companions and went over to the elevator.

"Courtney," called Mr. Brown. "Yes, sir," he answered. "Did that new shipment come in today?"

"No sir," said Mr. Courtney. "I don't believe we'll get it in until Monday now."

"Oh, all right, I just wondered. Say, young man, don't look so glum. Get a pretty girl and go off for the day tomorrow. You need cheering up. It's what I need, too. And I'll have it, believe me. I've got a little peach for dinner. Quite a sport for an old boy, eh?"

"Quite," said Mr. Courtney, quietly. "I don't care much for girls, that is, most girls."

"Hum," grunted Mr. Brown as the younger man left his office. "Falling in love, eh? She'll soon tire of him, whoever she may be, if he doesn't get a smile on his face once in a while."

"Miss Johnson left," said Mr. Courtney was asking of one of the stenographers who was hurrying off.

"Yes, left five minutes ago," was the answer.

"You haven't got her home address?" he asked.

"No, but I guess Mr. Brown has it. He keeps the addresses of the whole staff, you know." And she was gone.

Again had come the thought that Miss Johnson might be the "little peach" Mr. Brown had spoken of. And she was a little other Miss.

But it was too late and probably he was all wrong. Just foolish, very foolish, and he had no business to be caring so much.

Miss Johnson boarded with friends her mother had met during her first city trip—a week's excursion which had taken in the Hippodrome and the Flatiron building as wonders never to be forgotten. Usually she took her dinner downtown at a cheap table d'hôte, for Mrs. Palmer, her mother's friend, did not care much for cooking—and besides it had been arranged that way—room and breakfast, five dollars a week. But tonight she would go straight home without dinner. Perhaps they would be making preparations for the great day. She bought an evening paper, two bananas and a sweetened roll and started up the elevated stairs.

The train sped quickly up town. The paper lay before her. There had been just two items she had noticed—one in the corner which said, "Fair tomorrow" and the other at the foot of the first page—"This paper will not be published tomorrow, Thanksgiving day." It would be fair tomorrow and a holiday, as truly as in the country.

And she was here and they were there. Hot tears blinded her eyes and she looked out at the thousands of city homes and wished she had never come to the city. Business college had given her such fine notions. The girls dressed so well. They all seemed so much smarter and quicker than in the country, and the boys were so bright and sure of themselves! She had persuaded her family to let her come to the city—she would make money for them all! But so far out of her weekly eighteen dollars she had sent home

up to tell you we'll have that turkey tonight at six you know. I'll be around plenty of time. Look your sweetest."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Brown. Yes, I'll be ready a little before six."